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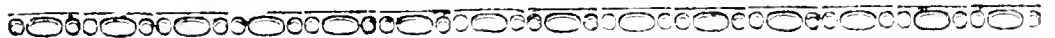






A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
I M M O R A L I T Y.

In THREE PARTS.



(Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.)







Hayman del. See fallen Virtue, on her lonely Bed. Grignon sculp.  
Invokes the Muse to lift her languid Head.



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
I M M O R A L I T Y.

IN THREE PARTS.

---

*Hic murus abeneus esto  
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*

H O R.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for the A U T H O R,

And sold by JOHN HART, in *Popping's Court, Fleet-street.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE READER is desir'd, before he opens the following Pages, to divest himself of vicious *Prejudice*, and to consider the Author of them as his Friend. And he hopes, he does not unjustly presume on this Claim, in, at least, an *Attempt* to serve the noblest Interest of Mankind, by an honest, however imperfect Sketch of some of those Crimes, which are hateful to GOD, and consequently the most certain Bar to the Happiness of His *Creatures*. The Author is convinc'd he has great Reason to bespeak the Candour of the Publick; he is conscious many of the following Lines will, in the Ear of a judicious Critick, sound too unflowing and prosaick; but, as to this he doubts not the Nature of a *didactick* Performance will afford him some *Apology*. Upon the whole he flatters himself that Benevolence of Heart will atone for Deficiency of Genius, and Uprightness of Intention for the Want of Harmony

# ADVERTISEMENT.

or Art. He cannot help observing farther, that he might have adorn'd his Work by occasionally throwing in an amusive Episode; which, at the same Time, would have render'd it more considerable in Bulk: But this wou'd every Way have defeated his *original Design*; which was, without any *Parade* or *false Colouring*, to shew *Vice* her Deformity in the honest Mirrour of *Truth*; and by the *Brevity* of this little Piece to give it the Chance of being read. Many an excellent Book has been thrown aside without being open'd by the Persons to whom it was *principally address'd*, meerly on Account of its voluminous Appearance.

The following Lines, should the Reader reap no *Advantage* from them, will however be no great *Intrusion* upon his Time: And shou'd he in any Respect become a *better Man* from their Perusal, the Author will one Day have the *Happiness* to know that he has not liv'd in vain.



TO THE  
INCONSIDERATE  
AND  
CARELESS  
OF THE  
PRESENT AGE:  
For the SERIOUS PERUSAL  
OF  
A SOBER HOUR.





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A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O A  
F R I E N D.

Neceffarily preparative

To the following E S S A Y.

D E A R S I R,

I Have, according to your Defire, fent you the inclos'd Pages, in which you will find little more than a Sketch of thofe *reigning Vices*, which are the Bane and Difhonour of human Nature. This however may not be entirely without its Ufe, if, according to Mr. P O P E's Obfervation,

Vice is a Monster of fo frightful Mien  
As, to be hated, needs but to be feen.

What

## AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

What I at first propos'd was only to ease my Mind of some disagreeable Impressions it had receiv'd from a very *corrupt Conversation*, in which I had been unavoidably engag'd: But no sooner had I consider'd the common Sources of Vice than I found them issuing forth into a Multitude of putrid Streams, equally offensive to Truth and Reason. This insensibly enlarg'd my original Scheme; but upon farther moving in these *troubl'd Waters*, my feeble Attempts found them too capacious and exhaustless. I have therefore contented myself with the bare Out-Lines of a compleat Design, and shall think myself happy (in so noble a Cause) to have given the least Hint to a superior Pen.

All the Apology I have to offer for this little Performance, when consider'd as a Poem, is its being the Production of *Truth*, and not of *Fancy*, and therefore to be consider'd as a familiar Recital of Facts, and not as a poetick Creation; and I shall readily give up my Pretension to those fictitious Numbers, which might have play'd round the Head of my Reader, it being my honest Ambition to influence his Morals, and to amend his Heart. This Attempt, however it is executed, will with the Virtuous and Candid be its own Excuse. There are indeed a Tribe of unhappy Wretches in the World, who are not  
asham'd



## AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

asham'd publicly to glory in their Vices, and are the avow'd Enemies to all those who disavow their Principles, and confront or oppose their Impieties. Who traduce in the good Man those Virtues which they refuse to imitate; and make it their constant Endeavour to depreciate that comparative Excellence, which sets them in the lowest Light of *Infamy* and *Contempt*. But an establish'd Reputation is like a *Pillar of Adamant* founded upon an eternal Basis, unshaken by the Storms of Adversity, and even receiving an additional Lustre from those Shafts of *Envy* which are intended to deface it.

I have, in the first Part of the following Poem, espoused the Cause of the injur'd *Fair*; and, as I respect and honour the Sex, I shall be entirely unmov'd with the little *Raillery* of those Gentlemen, who are capable of no other Regard for them than that merely *Brutal Taste* which is succeeded by *Ingratitude* and *Abuse*. The *Dart* of *Satire* will naturally raise the Spleen of the Breast it wounds; but as it always, in the Hand of Justice, serves the Cause of *Virtue*, and as the Cause of *Virtue* is the Cause of HEAVEN, he who defends *it* will thence imbibe a Dignity of Mind, which will be his own best Security and Support.

The Vices I have expos'd in the succeeding Parts of this little Essay, are such as at the same Time dishonour the

## An EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

DEITY, and betray the Interest of Mankind. Far be it from me to adopt any of those *ungrateful Tenets*, which give *Religion* a gloomy Aspect, and blot the most amiable ATTRIBUTES of GOD, by destroying the *innocent Enjoyment* of His Creatures: The *impious Excesses* of the Libertine, and the *irrational Moroseness* of the enthusiastick Devotee, are equally to be avoided. The wise and virtuous Man walks in the happy Medium, betwixt these *criminal Extremes*; receives the good Things of Life with an humble Moderation, and sweeten'd by that inward *Chearfulness* of Heart, which is the Soul of all Enjoyment. It is indeed to be own'd and lamented, that the Condition of the truly good Man is greatly imbitter'd in the present State by the *Corruption* of those, amongst whom he is to live. He will, in large Communities of Men, find very few whose Behaviour and Character render them safe, or agreeable Companions. He will hence very seldom meet with Company, in which the Virtue of his Mind will not be wounded, or, what is worse, corrupted. He will find it difficult to avoid the *vicious Mode* without incurring the Imputation of Pride, Conceit, or Singularity: And he will find it a much harder Task to reprehend vicious Men without making them his Enemies. These Things put together render it scarce possible for him so to Act his Part on the publick Stage of Life, as, at the same Time, to secure the

## AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

the Favour of GOD and *Men*. But there is a Consideration, before which all these disagreeable Reflections instantly disappear; which is, that the present World is not his *proper Home*; but that he is travelling towards a Country where his Nature shall be compleated, his Companions perfect, and his Happiness eternal. It is the constant View of this animating Prospect by which the worthy Friend, to whom I am Writing, has so nobly and steadily maintain'd his Way along the crooked and slippery Path of Life: To follow his Steps, in Pursuance of the same *glorious End*, shall be the invariable Aim and Endeavour of

His affectionate and

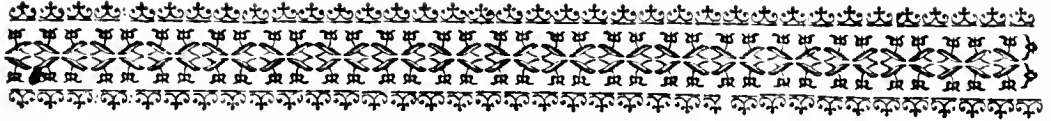
obliged Friend

# A R G U M E N T

O F

## P A R T I.

*THE Introduction. An Enquiry into the Origin of Evil; which is found to proceed from three Causes; the inherent Corruption of human Nature, the Carelessness of Education, and the Contagion of Example. The Author then descends to a more particular View of the common Vices; beginning with the ungenerous Gratification of lawless Love, in the Ruin of innocent Girls. He next proceeds to consider the Pleas of those who frequent the Stews: And concludes this Part with general Reflections on the Nature of Female Virtue; proving it to be the Life and Support of all that is truly amiable in the Fair.*



## P A R T I.

S
EE FALLEN VIRTUE, on her lonely Bed,  
 Invokes the Muse to lift her languid Head;  
 Once more the sacred Dame attempts to rise,  
 Before she reascends her native Skies:  
 Alas! how little can my feeble Aid,  
 How little can it serve the drooping Maid!  
 No Pow'r \* can *Virtue's* fading Strength renew  
 But such as Vice and Folly can subdue;  
 Where mighty POPE and ADDISON can fail  
 How little will my artless Notes avail?  
 Not YOUNG himself can *Virtue's* Cause retrieve,  
 When Men refuse to listen, and believe.  
 Yet may all-seeing HEAV'N the Strain approve,  
 And that which fails below succeed above!

\* This can be nothing less than the *Divine Power*; and as to its not being exerted in the absolute *Prevention* of *Evil*, see the succeeding Note, upon the *Permission* of *Evil*.

Come

Come then, thou sacred Muse ! whose sov'reign Art      15  
 At once can strike the Ear, and mend the Heart,  
 'Tis *Virtue* calls, thy kind Assistance lend,  
 Of falling *Truth*, and *Reason* be the Friend.  
 No costly Tints I ask, no fragrant Flow'rs,  
 I paint not Beauty, in her roseat Bow'rs,      20  
 Or to those lofty Seats wou'd lift my Lays,  
 Where Phœbus shines, and Poets pilfer Praise :  
 In Fancy's radiant Realms let others soar,  
 Whilst I the Tracts of real Life explore,  
 Those *fatal Paths* which heedless Mortals tread,      25  
 Where *Vice* disgustful rears her snaky Head,  
 And honest *Satire* lifts her iron Rod,  
 To awe the Foes of *Nature*, and of G O D.

Attempts like these the Vicious seldom please ;  
 That rarely wins the *Heart*, which wounds its *Ease* ;      30  
 But he, who holds the Glass to *Folly's* Eyes,  
 Shou'd first have learnt that *Folly* to despise :  
 They, who in *Virtue's* Semblance wou'd be shown,  
 Shou'd strive to make her Lineaments their own.  
 We laugh at him, who glories in Pretence,      35  
 And boasts of *Reason*, tho' he's void of *Sense*.  
 If with an Angel's Face foul *Vice* appear,  
*Reason* must frown, and scornful *Wit* may sneer,

The

The Picture like, the Painter's not to blame,  
 But they from whom the odious Likeness came.      40  
 Shou'd conscious Guilt abhor herself and mend,  
 (May HEAV'N assist!) the Muse will have her End.

Say first, from what dire Cause, what fatal Source,  
 The Streams of Vice, and Folly take their Course:  
 How, if Perfection as our Cause we claim,      45  
 Th' Effect, in just Degree, is not the same:  
 Or how \* our Souls, if they to *Heav'n* belong,  
 On *Earth* distemper'd, and inclin'd to *Wrong*?

Alas !

\* The *Origin* and *Propagation* of *Evil* is in some Measure explain'd in the above Pages. And as to the *Permission* of *Evil* in the World

Born without the Pow'r to sin,  
 Man had been a meer *Machine*,  
 Then no rational Delight  
 Could have rose from doing right:  
 The *grand Test* of *Virtue* stood  
 In his Pow'r of choosing Good:  
 Pleas'd the raptur'd Sire surveys  
 When his Child by *Choice* obeys.

Thus is *Free-Will* the Foundation of Duty in Man: Nor can we suppose any *rational Approbation* resulting either to our MAKER or *ourselves*, from the most perfect Obedience, without it. Thus are the Divine Attributes justify'd with regard to the *Permission* of *Evil*; and the Gloom of another connected Doctrine is clear'd up; the eternal Predestination to Damnation, as over-ruling the *Will* and *best Endeavours* of Man. For if Man is a free Agent, and has the Power of *choosing Good*; his future Happiness must necessarily, through the *Merits* of his *Redeemer*, depend upon this Choice. If his Behaviour takes the

proper

Alas! by *Disobedience* first we fell,  
 By *Nature* now and *Habit* we rebel: 50  
 Corrupt the Root, corrupted is the Seed;  
 From tainted Sires polluted Sons proceed:  
 How impious then the Wretch who G O D arraigns?  
 He gave our Souls, 'tis true, but *Vice* their Stains:  
 Tho' now our Passions rage with fiercer Fire, 55  
 And *rebel Nature* aids each base Desire,  
 Our *Reason* still can boast her sov'reign Pow'rs,  
 If we resist their Force, the Fault is ours.  
 And hence we shou'd in *Infancy* begin  
 To free this *Reason* from the Reins of *Sin*; 60

proper Bias, there is no Doubt but he will “obtain Mercy and find Grace to help in Time of Need.” The whole Terrour of this most dreadful and discouraging Doctrine, which has distracted so many conscientious Christians, seems entirely founded upon their mistaking the *Prescience*, or *Foreknowledge*, of G O D for His *Decree*. The *Divine Being* sees not as we see: He perceives by Intuition, and beholds the past, the present, and the future, at one comprehensive View: Thus the Lives of *Esau* and *Jacob* were perfectly beheld by Him before He had given them Being; which explains that Profession “*Jacob* have I lov'd, and *Esau* have I hated;” which has stagger'd so many People, only because it was pronounc'd *before* they were *born*. Thus “whom He does *foreknow*, them also He does *predestinate*;” those whom He *foreknows* will act in *Obedience*, or *Disobedience*, to His *Divine Commands*, He upon the Principles of eternal *Justice*, *predestinates*, in Consequence of their *actions*, to eternal Happiness or Misery. Nor can the other Texts of Scripture, upon this Doctrine, however mysterious they may appear, be solv'd upon any but the *foregoing Principles*, without impious Derogation from the most amiable Attributes of G O D.



Its Pow'rs from native Prejudice to loose,  
And call forth all its genuine Strength to Use.  
This \* first great Care upon the Parent lies,  
Neglect in this the Child of Course destroys,  
Who from his Mother's Womb is prone to Ill,      65  
And therefore asks this Aid to guide his Will;  
To shield him *from himself*, and teach his Soul  
Its own *impure Propensions* to controul;  
To give the *Virtues* in his Heart a Place,  
And thus prepare it for the *Seeds of Grace*,      70  
Which, firmly fixt, will end this innate Strife,  
Will grow, and spread, and flourish thro' his Life;  
And, when on Earth their proper Fruits are giv'n,  
Will rise at last, and lift the Saint to *Heav'n*.  
This the *Reward* a virtuous Parent gains,  
His Child's *Salvation* amply crowns his Pains.  
Some few Exceptions we perhaps may find  
Of good Instruction lost upon the Mind;

\* This pleasing Care I might have said; for so it is finely represented by Mr. THOMSON in the following Lines:

Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind Hand of an assiduous Care:  
Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,  
To teach the young Idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,  
To breathe th'enliv'ning Spirit, and to fix  
The gen'rous Purpose in the glowing Breast.

Where all a tender Parent's kindest Care  
 Cannot defend his Children from the Snare,      80  
 The fatal Snare of *Vice*, so widely spread,  
 The wisest shou'd be cautious how they tread;  
 Since from the Man, who thinks himself most wise,  
*Humility*, the Guard of *Virtue*, flies.  
 Hence in *high Life*, where Pride elates the Mind,      85  
 Untainted Morals we shall rarely find:  
 Here *Youth*, when first beneath a Tutor's Care,  
 Of ample Fortunes knows himself the Heir;  
 And falsely hence his little Mind expands,  
 In Prospect of his Titles and his Lands:      90  
 Falsely expands; because those noble Ends  
 On which a Man's intrinsic Worth depends,  
*Reason's* Improvement, *Truth's* exalted Aim,  
 And *Virtue*, which alone can build his Name,  
 (Studies by which the ever op'ning Mind      95  
 Is justly rais'd, extended, and refin'd,)  
 He leaves the Care of those, whose kinder \* Fates  
 Have made them happier, tho' without Estates.  
 And thus the Men whose *Station* gives them Weight  
 To sway the Vulgar, and direct them right,      100

\* Considering the ancient *Ufe*, and modern *Perversion* of the Word Fates, it may be necessary to observe, that all that is here meant by it is *Lots*, or *Stations*, in Life, as the *Appointments* of PROVIDENCE.

Not having properly imbib'd, in Youth,  
 Th' eternal Laws of *Reason* and of *Truth*,  
 Instead of aiding *Virtue's* sacred *Cause*,  
 And giving Sanction to her dying Laws,  
 To growing *Vice* their whole Assistance lend,      105  
 And most *oppose* what most they shou'd *defend*:  
 Their *Rank* of Course, will give their *Vices* Ground,  
 And fell *Example* spreads the Poison round;  
 Whilst their Dependants all their Crimes acquire,  
 And each Inferiour imitates the 'Squire:      110  
 Thus *Vice* is *spread*, and GOD *oppos'd* by *those*,  
 On whom His *injur'd Goodness* most bestows.

Let us, in Part, those daring Crimes survey  
 Which fill the Round of each licentious Day;  
 Which, burnish'd o'er by Gold, deceive the Eye,      115  
 Or, screen'd by Custom, pass unpunish'd by;  
 Which yet most clearly shew Guilt's future Doom,  
 And GOD's *just Vengeance* in a Day to come.

First view the Man whose reinsless Passions rove  
 Through all the guilty Wiles of lawless Love;      120  
 The highest Aim to which his Heart aspires  
 Is fully to indulge its loose Desires;  
 Which hence to all their *brutal Force* give Way,  
 And dare the Virgin's spotless Heart betray;

An Act the truly Gen'rous blush to name, 125  
 Yet he who perpetrates it laughs at Shame ;  
 Avows his Crime, and impiously pretends,  
 His Gold can make the ruin'd Wretch amends,  
 Since some Inferiour, charm'd by this alone,  
 Consents to make the Infamy his own, 130  
 And, loathing, takes a Creature to his Bed,  
 From whom the Charms of *Innocence* are fled:  
 'Tis true we don't in lower Natures find  
 That *keen* and *finer* Feeling of the Mind,  
 Which claims in more exalted Souls a Place, 135  
 And gives the pungent Sense of a *Disgrace* :  
 But such a Blot must wound a Husband's Eye,  
 And hurt, in meanest Hearts, *connubial Joy* :  
 On ev'ry little Jarr, the Wife still hears  
 Her *former Folly* sounded in her Ears. 140  
 Besides, when thus a Woman's *noblest Boast*  
 By *Vice* is rifl'd, and for ever lost,  
 Her Mind grows desp'rate, careless she surveys  
 Her future Actions, and her future Days ;  
 Her restless Thoughts to no fixt Aim attend, 145  
 And doubt the Love of ev'ry virtuous Friend.  
 Not a mean Match, or Heaps of sordid Ore,  
 Can *Innocence* or *inward Ease* restore ;

Can

Can the *dear Sweets* of former *Virtue* buy,  
Or soften with Regard the publick Eye. 150  
No more the Dignity of honest Fame,  
Or just Esteem, do Honour to her Name ;  
Indiff'rence and Disgust alone remain,  
Her Sex's Censure, and her own Disdain :  
Her Passions hence subdue, without Controul, 155  
Her languid Spirits, and her sickly Soul,  
Which now no longer boasts its heav'nly Sway,  
But to her *guardless Conduct* falls a Prey.  
Such is the End of *Vice*, so base the Man,  
Who dar'd, at first her heedless Heart trepan : 160  
However, in the partial Breath of Fame,  
Titles or Wealth may varnish o'er his Name,  
And teach a venal World to screen my Lord  
From that, for which Inferiours are abhorr'd ;  
Titles and Wealth for no such End were giv'n, 165  
Or e'er can bribe the right'ous Hand of HEAV'N :  
*Justice* to no such partial Pleas attends,  
But strikes or *Prince*, or *Peasant*, who offends.  
The Men we meet, in these degen'rate Times,  
Who think their Fortunes justify their Crimes, 170  
Who view the virtuous Maid, with vicious Eyes,  
And judge, because she's *poor*, she's lawful Prize,

Not sacred *Truth*, or genuine *Nature* know,  
Or think this Creature, whom they hold so low,  
With them to all that's great has *equal* Claim, 175  
Her *Soul*, her *future Hopes*, her GOD the same.  
How guilty then the Man, who tries his Pow'r  
To snare her *Virtue* in a guardless Hour!  
Who boldly dares her *Innocence* destroy,  
And *stain* her Soul in HEAV'N's *all-perfect* Eye! 180  
Wou'd calm Reflection justly view the Deed,  
*Conviction* and *Repentance* must succeed.  
But, here, alas! the grand Misfortune lies,  
Who needs it most, the Voice of *Reason* flies,  
Tumult, and raging Passions still controul 185  
That *gentle Voice*, which *whispers* to the Soul;  
Hence the ungen'rous Crime we here have view'd  
For want of Thought is impiously pursu'd:  
Its *Aggravations* never can appear,  
Whilst *Folly* dims the Eye, and *Pleasure* bribes the Ear: 190  
And thus the Men, whose Conduct seen aright  
Wou'd make them hate themselves, and loath the Light,  
Degen'rate heed, nor Decency, nor Fame,  
But glory in the lowest Acts of Shame.  
Hence is the Ruin of the virtuous Maid 195  
Amidst the Feats of Gallantry display'd:

Each

Each vile Affection lords it o'er the Mind,  
Whilst *Conscience*, *Truth*, and *Pity*, are resign'd.

But still more vile, more cruel to the *Fair*,  
Is he who basely hides the fatal *Snare* ;

Who, wrapt in *Virtue's Cloak*, fedately tries  
That last Resource which half the Sex destroys:  
Which shews false Man, and gives the Fair just Cause  
To bless the sacred Priest, and *binding Laws*.

The *fly Deceiver* here assumes the Mien  
Of *Innocence*, all smiling and serene :

With oily Words, and sober Shew of Truth,  
He bribes her Reason, and beguiles her Youth,  
As treach'rous Servant aids the artful Thief,  
He steals her Honour from her frail Belief;

Perswades her, HEAV'N no Marriage Rites allows,  
 But what are seal'd by Lovers mutual Vows,  
 And that these Vows in secret may be giv'n  
 To bind as firm before all-seeing HEAV'N:  
 That meer external Forms can never bind,

215

Or *human Laws* enslave the free-born Mind :  
That what he asks, her Reason must suggest,  
Is but a faithful Husband's fond Request :  
And, that when SOL next gilds the smiling Lands,  
The pious Priest shall join their plighted Hands.

Skill'd

Skill'd in Deceit, he forges Sighs and Prayers,  
*Art* argues, *Passion* pleads, and *Falsehood* swears :  
 Thus fool'd, the yielding Virgin half consents,  
 Then sees her Crime, and starting half repents :  
 The *Villain-Spoiler* \* marks, with secret Joy, 225  
*Virtue's* last Lustre in her soften'd Eye,

Where

\* *Villain Spoiler*. Every one, who gives himself Leave to think, must acknowledge, that the Man who robs an *innocent Creature* of her *Virtue*, deserves this *Character* ; he will at least allow it, who makes the following Case his own.

*Mæcus*, behold thy *darling Daughter* led,  
*Captive* of *Go'd*, to lustful *Pollio's* Bed :  
 From single Acts a bold Offender grown,  
 Till turn'd a lawless Strumpet on the Town :  
 A base Dishonour to the human Race,  
 Thy Soul's worst *Wound*, thy Family's *Disgrace*.  
 As thy *own Child* this wretched Creature view,  
 And with a *Parent's* Heart her Fate pursue ;  
 Behold her traversing the guilty Streets,  
 Below the *Scorn* of ev'ry *Wretch* she meets ;  
 Her *Modesty* and sacred *Virtue* fled,  
 And each vile Hour a *Prostitute* for *Bread* :  
 Till *Vice* at last concludes in dire Disease,  
 Then Pain, Despair and Death, their *Victim* seize ;  
*Outcast* of *God*, whilst each false Friend retires,  
 She, whelm'd in hopeless Agony expires.  
 Will *Mæcus* still the *first* lewd Act defend,  
 And hold this *Pollio* for his Bosom Friend ?

I am obliged for this Thought, and Part of the preceding Lines, to a *learned* and *ingenious Friend* ; whose own *Goodness* of *Heart* induc'd him to hope this affecting Picture might have its Weight with others.

Captive



Where trembling Fear, and struggling Love contend,  
 Urges again his Suit, and gains his End.  
 So in the dying Lamp you oft have seen  
 The Flame that burnt so steady and serene,      230  
 Drain'd of the *Oyl* that kept that Flame alive,  
 In vain, with overwhelming *Darkness* strive,  
 With languid Gleams reluctant leave our Eyes,  
 It beams one bright Adieu, and then for ever dies.  
 Thus sinks the *Fair* to Shame, whilst Sisters scoff,      235  
 And Vassal, as my Lord, can laugh it off.  
 But, if so vile a Wretch a Pow'r will own,  
 To whom his Actions are distinctly known,

*Captive of Gold.* The pernicious Power of *Gold*, universal as it is, is perhaps in no Instance more fatally seen than in that before us. When indeed it is audaciously, and without Disguise, offer'd as the *Price* of *Virtue*, it can only be accepted by *Minds* already lost to the *Value* of what they sacrifice to it. But it is *Gold* likewise which too often gives the *Promise* of *Marriage* from a Superiour its *greatest* and most *destructive* Influence; as this is frequently only *vicious Artifice*, and ends in the *Ruin* of the *Fair*.

Will *Mæchus* still the *first* lewd Act defend,  
 And hold this *Pollio* for his *Bosom Friend*?

*Yes*; there are those who are not asham'd to defend even such an Act as *this*; or to hold the Wretch, who is guilty of it, as a *Bosom Friend*: Unless he shou'd perpetrate the same in *their own Family*; and then *Pride*, not *Virtue*, may be the Parent of *Resentment*.

Be but the *Justice* of this Pow'r confess'd,  
His guilty Heart \* will best explain the *rest*— 240

Others there are, with nobler Natures born,  
Who such base Arts, and *cruel Meannesses* scorn;  
Who thus to wrong the *virtuous Maid* refuse,  
And yet remorseless haunt the nauseous Stews:  
In these some languid Sparks of Grace are found, 245  
Where Nature tries with Conscience to compound;  
Striving to stretch the gracious Laws of God,  
And plead his Impulse to avoid His Rod:  
But *Reason*, when it leans to *Vice*, of course  
Loses its *Weight*, and gives up all its Force. 250  
'Tis hard, say they, to conquer those Desires  
Which God first gave, and *Nature* still inspires;

\* Ye Sons of Night, whose each destructive Word  
Stabs with more Keeness than a Russian's Sword;  
Whose hydra Love can triumph in Offence,  
A Love that smiles at ruin'd Innocence:  
Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your Side  
Truth bled, Peace groan'd, and murder'd Virtue dy'd;  
Did you ne'er think, when frantick with Despair  
You've seen the Anguish of some weeping Fair,  
Whose Voice, once sweet as Philomela's Lay,  
On Darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming Day;  
Whose snowy Bosom heav'd continual Sighs,  
While Tears ran streaming from her lovely Eyes:  
Ah! did you ne'er, with Terror at his Rod,  
Hear the loud Voice of an affronted God?

OGILVIE.

When

When we indulge them, not where *Virtue* lives,  
 Or *Innocence* her sacred Treasure gives,  
 But where polluted Wretches sin for Need, 255  
 And pow'rful Custom sanctifies the Deed ;  
 Our Gold from present Want may such release,  
 We never can their constant Crimes increase.  
 Thus vicious Art in \* Reason's Garb appears,  
 And falsely sounds in Passion's partial Ears : 260  
 By these weak Pleas each Man benumbs his Breast,  
 And lulls his *Conscience* in deceitful *Rest*.  
 But if each Man his serious Thoughts wou'd own,  
 Such Pleas again wou'd be advanc'd by none.  
 For of his *Soul* if each took proper Care, 265  
 Passion in vain would spread her fatal Snare ;  
 And, if himself each nobly wou'd subdue,  
 A total REFORMATION must ensue.  
 This REFORMATION never may take Place.  
 What then, my Friend ? this alters not your Case. 270  
 Each Man, when call'd to answer for his *Soul*,  
 Shall answer for himself, and not the Whole.

\* Be strong, live happy, and love ! but first of all  
 Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great Command ; take heed lest Passion sway  
 Thy Judgment to do ought, which else Free Will  
 Wou'd not admit ; —————

MILTON:

What Thousands say, what impious Thousands do,  
If you offend, will not excuse for you.  
By *Virtue* sway'd, tho' you this Crime refrain, 275  
The Wretch may sin, the Brothel may remain;  
The Vicious here may base Desires obey,  
And give their Passions unresisted Sway:  
Whilst these debase their *Souls* in vile Pursuits,  
And sink themselves below their Fellow-Brutes, 280  
If you obey your MAKER's strict Command,  
And all the Arts of treach'rous Vice withstand,  
By good Discourse, and good Example show,  
The Pleasures which from sacred *Virtue* flow;  
You act consistent with the gen'ral Plan, 285  
And perfect all you ought in all you can.  
Your *Soul* from *Guilt*, by *Conscience*, thus debarr'd,  
Tho' others sin, shall reap its full *Reward*.  
Wou'd those who sink in fell Corruption's Tide,  
Their Fortune wasted, and their *Health* destroy'd, 290  
To save themselves, spend half that Wealth and Care,  
To shield \* from *Ruin* the deserted *Fair*,

\* Next to preventing the Ruin of *innocent Girls*, may be recommended the Encouragement of the *Magdalene House*. And surely they who have been instrumental either in *depriving* young Creatures of their *Virtue*, or, after they have lost it, *continuing* them in their *Sins*, shou'd at least endeavour to make some *Atonement* by a liberal Contribution to this *excellent Foundation*.

To shield them from the Wretches, whose vile Trade  
 Has Millions of these *Innocents* betray'd;  
 Health, Ease, and Honour, then wou'd fill the Place      295  
 Of Sickness, Self-abhorrence, and Disgrace;  
 A right'ous GOD wou'd view the Godlike Deed,  
 And an eternal *Récompence* succeed.  
 How e'er, by Passion blinded, Men may claim  
 The *Fair* as Partners of their Guilt and Shame,      300  
 And think their feeble Minds shou'd look no higher  
 Than just to gratify a base Desire,  
 For nobler Ends HEAV'N lent them ev'ry *Grace*,  
 And marks the Wretch who dares these Ends debase.  
 Thus *Woman* was at first on Man bestow'd      305  
 The last and loveliest of the Gifts of GOD:  
 To strike his Eye her outward Charms design'd;  
 Her *Virtue*, to ingraft them on his Mind.  
 'Tis this alone her genuine Lustre gives,  
 The sacred *Life* by which her Beauty lives.      310  
 Rob her of this, and all her Beauty dies,  
 And instant fades before our loathing Eyes:  
 Impure Reflections stain each drooping Charm  
 Blot her whole Form, and all her Pow'r disarm;

Despis'd,

Despis'd, deserted, and condemn'd by all, 315  
 Nay, by the very Wretch who works her \* Fall,  
 She sinks, of innate Modesty bereft,  
 A shining Monster then is all that's left.  
 Preserve from baleful Vice her spotless Mind,  
 She'll be the lovely Creature HEAV'N design'd: 320  
 A Form, in which each rival *Grace* combines,  
 Where inward *Worth* in outward Softness shines:  
 Where *Virtue*, to her highest Pitch refin'd,  
 Is clad with native Tendernefs of Mind,  
 Which thus can Man's most stubborn Pow'rs controul, 325  
 And gently steal into his inmost Soul;

\* Life swarms with *Ills*, the boldest are afraid;  
 Where then is *Safety* for a tender Maid?  
 Unfit for Conflict, round beset with Woes,  
 And *Man*, whom least she fears, her *worst* of *Foes*!  
 When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,  
 The least obliging; and by *Favours* lost.  
 Cruel by Nature, they for *Kindness* hate,  
 And scorn you for those *Ills* themselves create.  
 If on your Fame our Sex a Blot has thrown,  
 'Twill even stick, thro' Malice of your own,  
 Most hard! in pleasing your chief *Glory* lies;  
 And yet from pleasing your chief *Dangers* rise.  
 Then please the *Best*; and know, for *Men* of *Sense*,  
 Your *strongest Charms* are native *Innocence*.

YOUNG.

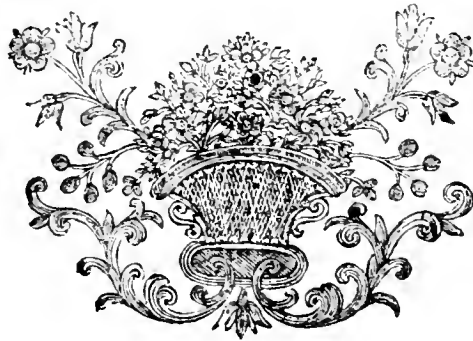
Thofe

Those finer Feelings to his Mind impart,  
Which charm, subdue, and humanize his Heart.  
Hence *Virtue* and *Esteem* with Passion blend,  
Hence nobly join the Lover and the Friend;      330  
Thus is the Man of Sense securely won,  
And *Virtue* finishes what Love begun:  
*Virtue* alone invests the heav'nly *Maid*  
With *Charms*, which envious Time can ne'er invade;  
Which firmly fix her Lover's Heart and Eye,      335  
Tho' all the Roses on her Cheek should dye.  
These are the Lessons Friendship would suggest  
To kindle *Virtue* \* in the female Breast;  
To shew the Fair that *Dignity* of Mind,  
Which HEAV'N the *Guardian* of their Sex design'd,      340  
And teach those latent Sparks of Worth to glow  
Which shew what Duties to themselves they owe.

\* Of *Virtue's Foes* retain a constant Dread,  
This o'er your Cheeks will throw the *conscious* Red,  
Will give that sacred Lightning to your Eye  
Which *Vice* and *Impudence* will always fly.  
If in Love's Field you would be truly brave  
The Man of *Virtue* and of *Sense* inflave:  
For ever keep this golden Rule in View,  
Who's true to *Virtue* will be true to *You*.  
To those who can with *Innocence* receive  
You may with *Safety* modest Freedoms give:  
And tho' the *vicious Coxcomb* calls You Prude  
Dare to be *angry*, when he dares be *rude*.

If

If by these Cautions one assaulted *Fair*  
Should shield her *Virtue* from the fatal Snare ;  
If one Attempt of treach'rous Vice is foil'd, 345  
Or one fond Parent save a *darling Child*,  
Or one aw'd Son of Guilt, with conscious Mind,  
Shou'd hence forbear the *Ruin* he design'd,  
How nobly has the Muse employ'd her Lyre !  
'Tis all to which her loftiest Notes aspire ; 350  
A heav'nly Recompence rewards her Lay,  
Which Vice ne'er gave, nor Malice takes away.







A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
I M M O R A L I T Y.  
P A R T II.



# A R G U M E N T

O F

## P A R T II.

*THE* false Pleas of Passion. *Temptation the Test of*  
*Virtue, tho' not always the Cause of Vice; instanc'd*  
*in those Crimes which cannot plead this Pretence. The Danger*  
*of repeating other Men's Oaths. The Guilt of Equivocation*  
*prov'd equal to that of literal Untruth. A Sketch of the*  
*Gamester. A drunken Evening particularly enlarg'd upon.*  
*A Picture of its odious Conclusion: The OMNIPRESENT*  
*DEITY represented as viewing this vile Abuse of human*  
*Nature. The proper Use of Liquor. Temperance its own*  
*Reward. The dreadful Consequences of a vicious Life both*  
*here and hereafter. The Wisdom of him who forsakes his*  
*Sins, and perseveres in Virtue, in Spite of all his former*  
*Temptations.*



## P A R T II.

THUS were the sacred Laws of HEAV'N obey'd,  
**T** *Conscience* wou'd rule, and *Equity* persuade :  
 Th' eternal Interest of a *deathless Soul*,  
 Wou'd all the treach'rous Wiles of Vice controul.  
 Impetuous Passions may pretend, in vain, 5  
 No Reas'nings can their raging Force restrain;  
 'Tis all Pretence; some Conflicts may ensue,  
 But Heav'n-fraught \* Reason will their Force subdue.  
 Since these fell Passions, which inflame the Mind  
 The genuine *Tests* of *Virtue* were design'd : 10  
 Her *Worth*, her *Glory*, and her future *Prize*,  
 In just Proportion to *Temptation* rise.  
 And yet for ev'ry Crime, and gross Abuse,  
*Temptation* still is made the bold Excuse:  
 Nay, for those Sins the ready Plea supplies, 15  
 Which must from *wilful Disobedience* rise.

\* The Author is far from insinuating the Sufficiency of human Reason:  
 And surely every one who reflects at all, must be fully convinc'd, that there  
 is Nothing to be expected from it, as a moral Principle, without the Co-operation  
 of Divine Grace.

See Crimes increasing on the guilty Town,  
 Which once from *Heav'n* brought \* *flaming Vengeance* down.  
 See, and behold that weak, though trite, Pretence  
 The Power of Passion, pleaded by Offence: 20  
 Man can offend, you see, without one End,  
 But only this, the *Pleasure to offend*,  
 Can *Reason, Virtue, Passion, Conscience* quell,  
 To brave OMNIPOTENCE, and purchase *Hell*.  
 'Tis hard for *Ruin* † Nature to *subdue*; 25  
 How easy with a promis'd *Heav'n* in View!  
 On ev'ry Side, unaw'd by Shame or Fear,  
 The daring Voice of bold Profaneness hear  
 To this, *Temptation* can have no Pretence,  
 No Plea of Profit, Pleasure, or of Sense; 30  
 No possible Advantage can accrue,  
 But Horror, Scorn, and Infamy, ensue.  
 And yet, the virtuous Man his Hearing loaths,  
 Whilst all our echoing Streets resound with Oaths;  
 Infants imbibe them with the common Air, 35  
 Before they learn to *speak*, they learn to *swear*,

\* Alluding to the Destruction of *Sodom* by *Fire* from *Heav'n*.

† In the Commission of this Crime, Men must *sin* merely for *the Sake of sinning*, must conquer their *own Nature*, on Purpose to offend their ALMIGHTY CREATOR and BENEFCTOR, and consequently to purchase *eternal Ruin* for themselves.

Untutor'd

Untutor'd Tongues corrupted Ears obey,  
And, fearless, list *Damnation* at their Play :  
Thus impious Habits unresisted grow,  
And *Children's* Vices from their *Parents* flow. 40  
This Crime from Pride and Passion rose at first,  
'Till o'er Mankind it like a Torrent burst :  
Was early bred amongst the guilty Great  
By Insolence of Office, or of State :  
'Twas here alone each little Tyrant's Claim 45  
To trifle with his *dread* CREATOR's Name,  
The Poor with impious Expletives to brave,  
And *curse* the Wretch whom Fortune made his Slave.  
But now, the Slave himself his MAKER dares,  
And boldly, from his *Lord's Example*, swears. 50  
Nay, even those whose Minds in Part restrain  
Their Tongues from what is vicious and profane,  
Who just Abhorrence of this Crime declare,  
And for themselves would not be thought to swear,  
From others will repeat the impious Joke, 55  
And thus their MAKER equally provoke :  
The Man who laughs at Oaths which he repeats,  
Nor thinks he sins, his *injur'd Conscience* cheats :  
If by his Manner he the Crime allows  
He shares in all the *Guilt* which he avows, 60

Immerges

Immerges in the same polluted Tide,  
 Embracing what he seems but to avoid.  
 But let all such, with just Degrees of Fear,  
 Remember that their MAKER'S AWFUL EAR  
 Is always open to each impious Word, 65  
 Which is as surely register'd as heard :  
 And must be answer'd for, at that *great Day*  
 When *Conscience* shall her flighted Pow'r display.

Equivocation thus, by Art's weak Aid,  
 The stinging Guilt of *Falshood* wou'd evade, 70  
 And hopes her Fraud unpunish'd to enjoy,  
 Because she *lit'rally* avoids the *Lye* :  
 How do such little Wiles their End defeat,  
 The Sin is not in *Sound* but in *Deceit* :  
 An artful Sentence, or a thin Disguise, 75  
 May pass on Fancy's Ear, or Folly's Eyes,  
 But surely this ridiculous Pretence,  
 Can never weigh with *Conscience*, or with *Sense* ;  
 Much less will Pardon or Acceptance find,  
 With an *All-holy* and *All-perfect* MIND. 80

But hence my Muse, resume thy former Lays,  
 To sing those mighty Heroes of our Days,  
 High in the Rank of guilty Greatness plac'd,  
 As genuine Sons of Spirit and of Taste.

Behold

Behold the Gamester, fir'd with frantick Rage, 85  
Which nothing but *Destruction* can assuage ;  
His Courage in the boldest Light to shew,  
Risquing his All on one precarious Throw.  
Hope, Fear, Ambition, Avarice and Spleen,  
By Turns, are in his tortur'd Aspect seen : 90  
His palsy'd Hand emits the fatal Die,  
Whilst his *scar'd Soul* sits trembling in his Eye :  
Till sudden *Ruin* sadly seals the Whole,  
And wild *Distraction* rushes on his Soul.  
Thus the whole Bliss of Life is thrown away, 95  
By the impetuous Madness of a Day.  
Think, if for noble Ends Man's Wealth is giv'n,  
How such a Wretch will make Account to HEAV'N :  
*So think*, as wisely to avoid, in Time,  
The least Approaches to so base a *Crime*. 100

The dire Effects of Drinking next we view,  
The Guilt and hateful Scenes that hence ensue :  
Here the last Pow'rs of sinking Virtue die,  
Presumption wounds the Ear, and Horror shocks the  
Eye.

The Trifles vanish'd which employ'd the Light, 105  
Returning Tumult ushers in the Night :

*Sedare*

*Sedate Reflection* flies the frantick Soul,  
 Whilst *Riot* rises in the raging \* Bowl.

Now round the Table close the boist'rous Clan, 110  
 Resolv'd to murder all the Pow'rs of Man :  
 They're met, 'tis true, but not to *talk*, or *think*,  
 The *Business* of the Meeting is to drink.

\* I drank ; I lik'd it not : 'twas *Rage* ; 'twas *Noise* ;  
 An airy Scene of transitory Joys.  
 In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl  
 Would banish Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.  
 To the late Revel, and protracted Feast  
 Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest ;  
 And as at Dawn of Morn fair *Reason's Light*  
 Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night  
 What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done ;  
 How flow'd our Mirth, and whence its Course begun.  
 Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,  
 And made the jovial Table laugh so loud,  
 To some false Notion ow'd its poor Pretence,  
 To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,  
 To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,  
*Offence* and *Torture* to the sober Ear.

Who drinks alas ! but to forget ; nor fees,  
 That melancholy Sloth, severe Disease,  
 Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,  
 Death's Harbingers, lie latent in the Draught :  
 And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,  
*Fell Adders* hiss, and *pois'nous Serpents* roll.

P R I O R.

Incessant



Incessant hence the copious Cups go round,  
 And *nauseous* \* *Toasts* with base Applause are crown'd;  
 Insulted Reason quits her tott'ring Throne, 115  
 And flaming Passions all Restraint disown:  
 Hence, guardless Vice, devoid of secret Art,  
 Displays to open View her inmost Heart;  
 The sacred Laws of HEAV'N are disallow'd,  
 And blackest Crimes, without a Blush, avow'd: 120  
 Whilst impious Oaths and Jokes alternate rise,  
 Confirm the *bold Affronts*, and bear them to the *Skies*.  
 Mean while the swimming Eye, and trembling Hand,  
 The abler Aid of stronger Heads demand,  
 To see, consistent with their grand Design, 125  
 Each loathing Stomach has its Share of Wine;  
 Since, by the Laws of Drinking, they are bound,  
 To see each others *Manhood* fairly drown'd.

\* This *odious Practice* is become so universal, that a Man of common *Decency* will hardly meet with a Company, in which the *Virtue* of his Mind will not, in *this Instance*, be offended. It is certainly a shameful Breach of *Good-manners*; and yet nothing is more frequent, than to see Persons of the most *sacred Character* this Way insulted. But no Man can regret quitting a Company, out of which common *Modesty* and common *Civility* have been first expell'd. He who gives himself the least Time to reflect, will be immediately convinc'd, that this *vicious Custom* is the highest *Disgrace* to his *Morality*. Nor can he think it a *Credit* to his *Understanding*, if he remembers those excellent Lines of Mr. POPE;

*Obscenity to Wit* has no Pretence,  
 For Want of *Decency* is Want of *Sense*.

The mighty Monsters who subdue the Field  
 At last to whelming Loads of Liquor yield; 130  
 No Hand remains to serve the vicious Will,  
 But down at once they sink in social *Swill*.  
 View now, with trembling Thought and forr'wing Sight,  
 The Scene of Horror which concludes the Night;  
 A Scene, where impious Men, at once appear 135  
 Immers'd in *Guilt*, and yet devoid of *Fear*;  
 Where all that's *human* from the Breast is torn,  
 And Nature sinks almost below our *Scorn*.  
 The Hero of the Evening first behold,  
 His Name in Riot's earliest Lists enrol'd, 140  
 He who so lately push'd the murd'ring Glass,  
 The Dread of others, now himself, alas!  
 All pale and speechless, in his dying Cause,  
 Is vanquish'd by his own inhuman Laws:  
 Back on his Chair his pond'rous Head reclines, 145  
 And all the Triumph of the Night resigns.  
 Stretch'd on a Couch a second Victim lies,  
 Convulsive Reachings strain his starting Eyes,  
 The mighty Strugglings vex his boiling Blood,  
 'Till from his Mouth swift bursts the nauseous Flood; 150  
 Then ends the raging Tumult in his Breast,  
 And, *fitly* drench'd in *Filth*, he sinks to Rest.

Here

Here reels a third against the echoing Walls,  
And thence upon the guilty Table falls ;  
Cups, Glasses, Bowls, and Bottles he destroys, 155  
Then bury'd in the mighty Ruin lies ;  
The pointed Spoils his streaming Temples wound,  
And Wine and Blood remingle on the Ground.  
A fourth with half clos'd Eyes and flamm'ring Tongue,  
In vain, attempts to murmur out a Song ; 160  
Insulting Hickups check the fault'ring Strain,  
And half remember'd Stanzas mock his Brain.  
Here Champions who their former Feats have told,  
And bragg'd of Stomachs that can Oceans hold,  
With loaded Paunches, now supinely snore, 165  
Like *breathing Hogsheds*, on the floating Floor.  
With heedful Mind this hateful Scene survey,  
A Scene, no Numbers fitly can display ;  
Too vile for Words, too loathsome for the Light,  
The Bane of *Reason*, and the Shame of *Sight* : 170  
Each Aggravation let your Thoughts unfold,  
And then the *present* DEITY behold,  
A Witness to the *Horrours* of a Scene  
Which Man must blush his Fellow-Man has seen.  
How then can he, who thus has dar'd His Rod, 175  
Support the *awful Presence* of the GOD !

The GOD, who views him with a righteous Eye,  
 And whose just *Wrath* for ever can destroy.  
 Oh! dreadful Thought! for sure his Wrath must rise  
 Against the Wretch, who thus His Pow'r defies. 180

Methinks as Justice whelms my Soul with Fear,  
 These awful Accents strike my trembling Ear:  
 "Is this, O Man, the Faith and sacred Trust  
 "For which my Goodness rais'd thee from the Dust?  
 "Are these the Pow'rs which envious Hell controul, 185  
 "The Pow'rs I gave thee to defend thy *Soul*?  
 "Is this vile Scene the Gratitude I find  
 "For all the Charms of Body and of Mind?  
 "Was it for this my gracious Hand impress'd  
 "With soft Humanity thy feeling Breast? 190  
 "Form'd thee erect to view thy native Sky,  
 "And fir'd with heav'nly Beams thy radiant Eye?  
 "Bade *sacred Reason* o'er thy Aspect shine,  
 "And fix'd thy *Soul immortal*, and *divine*?  
 "Oh! lost to all that's worthy, great, and good, 195  
 "In all that's wretched, mean, and base, imbru'd!  
 "In vain I strive to shield thee, and to save,  
 "Whilst thus thy Crimes my *injur'd Justice* brave.  
 "View, ye celestial Host! this foul Disgrace,  
 "'Tis thus I'm honour'd by the human Race! 200

"Behold

“ Behold your Fellow-Native of the *Skies*,  
 “ As thus immers’d in odious Guilt he lies :  
 “ Of ev’ry *heav’nly Ornament* bereft,  
 “ See ye one Feature of *my Image* left?  
 “ Shall such a Wretch your bright Assembly join ;      205  
 “ Or, clad with *Glory*, in *my Presence* shine ?  
 “ No ! sooner shall my right’ous Arm erase,  
 “ And strike from Being this rebellious Race.  
 “ But I have plighted my eternal \* Word,  
 “ Which oft unmov’d his impious Soul hath heard,      210  
 “ That he shall ever live my *Wrath* to know  
 “ In the dread Realms of never-ending *Woe*.

Such is the Voice of Reason, and of HEAV’N,  
 To aid this awful Voice was *Conscience* giv’n ;  
 In Folly’s Path the Sinner to arrest,      215  
 And raise *just Terrour* in his guilty Breast ;  
 By wise Contrition to avert the Rod,  
 And calm the Anger of a right’ous GOD :  
 A GOD, whose *Goodness* with His *Justice* vies,  
 Tho’ Man this *boundless Goodness* can despise.      220

\* ——— Envyings, Murders, Drunkenness, Revellings, and such like : of the  
 which I tell you before, as I have also told you in Time past, that they which  
 do such Things shall not inherit the Kingdom of GOD. GAL. V. 21.

See

See \* widely spread o'er each luxuriant Land  
 All that can *Love* and *Gratitude* command;  
 Nothing which can support or please deny'd,  
 Was it with grateful *Temperance* enjoy'd.  
 Thro' the rich Meads increas'ing Herds behold, 225  
 And hear the joyful Bleatings of the Fold:  
 See laughing Vales with golden Harvests shine,  
 And the full Vintage burst with gen'rous Wine;  
 Kindly to aid the Labours of the Year,  
 Exhausted *Toil*, and drooping *Thought* to cheer, 230  
 The sinking Heart of *Duty* to revive,  
 And keep *Invention's* active Spring alive.  
 'Tis thus the chearing Glass, without *Abuse*,  
 Will prove its Value in its proper Use:  
 Thus, in the Hand of *Prudence*, serves Mankind, 235  
 At once the Friend of Body, and of Mind.

\* See widely spread o'er each luxuriant Land  
 All that can *Love* and *Gratitude* command;  
 Thro' the rich Meads increas'ing Herds behold,  
 And hear the joyful Bleatings of the Fold:  
 See laughing Vales with golden Harvest shine,  
 And the full Vintage burst with gen'rous Wine.

These Lines are an humble Parody upon that elegant Passage in the sixty-fifth Psalm: *Thou crownest the Year with thy Goodness, and thy Clouds drop Fatness. They shall drop upon the Dwellings of the Wilderness, and the little Hills shall rejoice on every Side. The Folds shall be full of Sheep, the Vallies also shall stand so thick with Corn, that they shall laugh and sing.*

And

And thus the Man who *Virtue's* \* *Laws* obeys,  
 The *very Practice* of these *Laws* repays:  
 Whilst Vice in *fell Excess* absorbs her Joys,  
 And thus the very End she courts *destroys*. 240

Oh! wou'd the Man, who teaz'd with innate Strife,  
 In *Passion's Bondage* wastes a *wretched Life*,  
 In some cool Hour, and with a candid Ear,  
 The gentle Voice of calm *Reflection* hear;  
 And, free from vicious Prejudice attend 245  
 To the impartial Reas'nings of a Friend;  
 Destructive Habits yet might be repress'd,  
 And *Virtue* fix her Empire in his Breast.  
 His future Years from Folly to protect,  
 Let him with *Terrour* on the past reflect: 250  
 And think, if HE, who all Things can controul,  
 Had from a Midnight-Revel snatch'd his *Soul*,

\* It has been justly observ'd of *Virtue*, that it is its own Reward; it has a natural Tendency to Happiness; it is the only Parent of mental Peace, as this is of bodily Health; without which there can be no Enjoyment. If therefore we look upon it in a human Light, we shall certainly find its Practice the best Scheme for temporal Felicity. I would not be thought to insinuate from hence, with the Noble Author of the *Characteristicks*, that Morality can subsist without Religion: No; that Peace of Mind, which has just been mention'd as the Support of all Enjoyment, is a Plant of celestial Growth; all those Streams of Comfort, by which it is nourish'd, flow from the Fountains of Futurity; and therefore no one can enjoy the present State, but he who can look forward upon the future without Fear.

How

How at the *awful Bar* he had appear'd,  
With all the Horrors he had justly fear'd !  
His Cry for Mercy then had been too late, 255  
The Stroke of Death had fix'd his endless Fate !  
And shou'd he risque his Soul a future Time,  
'This Admonition aggravates his Crime.

Tho' sudden Death should not his Sins ensue,  
The Prospect still is dreadful in his View ; 260  
No Ends which can a wise Man's Wish engage ;  
A shorten'd Life, and immature Old Age ;  
A hateful Past, through which foul Vice appears ;  
A hast'ning Future, which he *justly fears* ;  
And, to compleat the whole, 'twill not be clear 265  
Whether *Repentance* then is *Grief*, or *Fear* :  
If 'tis the last, a useless Sigh or Groan  
Can never for a Life of *Guilt* atone.

However these Reflections may appear  
In Folly's Eye, or sound in Passion's Ear, 270  
Tho' *foul Debauch* corrupt his present View,  
He who persists in Sin will find them *true* ;  
Will see his squander'd Years for ever gone,  
When Worlds can't justify nor purchase *one* :

When



When Worlds \* can't save his Body from the *Tomb*, 275  
Nor shield his *Soul* from its approaching *Doom*.

He surely then is wise, whose timely Care  
Redeems his Soul from Folly's fatal Snare;  
Who can by wise Resolves his Crimes forsake,  
And the fell Pow'r of *guilty Custom* break; 280  
Who stands, tho' *Hell's* whole Force his Heart assail,  
And strives again o'er *Conscience* to prevail:  
Tho' once betray'd by Passion's specious Pleas,  
He now unmov'd the gilded Falsehood sees,  
Can all the shining Baits of *Vice* withstand, 285  
Whilst *Virtue's* nobler Charms his Heart command.

\* In that dread Moment how the frantick Soul  
Raves round the Walls of her Clay Tenement,  
Flies to each Avenue and shrieks for Help,  
But shrieks in vain. How wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving! now no longer hers.  
A little longer, Oh! a little longer,  
Might she but stay to wash away her Crimes  
And fit her for her Passage; mournful Sight!  
Her very Eyes weep Blood, and ev'ry Groan  
She heaves is big with Horror. But the Foe  
Like a stanch Murderer, steady to his Purpose,  
Pursues her close thro' ev'ry Lane of Life,  
Nor misses once the Track, but presses on,  
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous Verge,  
At once she sinks ———

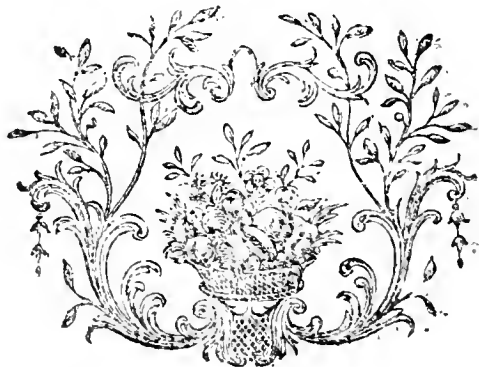
BLAIR.

G

Infernal

Infernal Sirens thus, are said of yore,  
To charm with Songs the fair Sicilian Shore;  
*Destruction*, floating in the fatal Strain,  
In magick Accents swell'd along the Main;  
The list'ning Mariner, intranc'd with Sound,  
Incautious, ran his found'ring Bark aground:  
But once escaping, arm'd by former Fears,  
Against the pleasing Witchcraft stop'd his Ears.

290



A. N.



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
I M M O R A L I T Y.  
P A R T I I I.



# A R G U M E N T

O F

## P A R T III.

*THE Origin, Power and pernicious Effects of Detraction. The great Advantages of Reflection. The Nature and Absurdity of human Pride, exemplify'd in a View of Man as a Part of the Universe. The partial Pleas for smaller Vices confuted. The Decay of Religion. The Danger and Ingratitude of profaning the Sabbath. The Conclusion; a Contrast of the preceding Vices, in a Picture of the virtuous Man; his present Comfort, and future Expectation.*

## P A R T III.

THE Muse shall next in base *Detraction* show  
 T Of all that's *great* and *good* the meanest Foe :  
 In Hell destructive *Falseness* brought her forth,  
 And frowning *Envy* led the Fiend to Earth ;  
 Here, she has long a kind Reception found, 5  
 And spreads with dire Success her *Poison* round :  
 Array'd like *Truth*, in borrow'd Pomp she reigns,  
 And weak *Credulity* her Pow'r sustains :  
 The gen'rous Few her impious Sway disown,  
 Whilst thoughtless Millions croud around her Throne : 10  
 With watchful Eyes, to wait her dread Command,  
 Pale *Spleen*, and sly *Insinuation* stand ;  
 Unpitying *Cruelty*, malignant *Hate*,  
*Revenge* and *Malice*, close in fell Debate ;  
 Whilst pain'd *Suspicion*, still perplex'd with Doubt, 15  
 Is tortur'd till the *Calumny* comes out ;  
 Then foul-mouth'd *Fame* her ready Trump supplies,  
 And loudly loads the lab'ring Air with Lies ;

Besides,

Besides all these, her Ministers of State,  
 A thousand little *Sylphs* and *Sylphids* wait; 20  
 Who, at her Word, with causeless Slanders fly,  
 Blast with their Breath, and with their Tongues destroy:  
 These often flutter round my Lady's Chair,  
 And whisper pleasing Scandals in her Ear;  
 If their false Whispers half Untruths suggest, 25  
 Her fertile Fancy soon supplies the rest;  
 Inraptur'd with her own prolifick Mind,  
 Which in vague Hints can real Meaning find;  
 And see distinctly, in her pregnant Thoughts,  
 As in a Glass, her Neighbours fancy'd Faults: 30  
 Its Relish hence her Evening *Tea* receives,  
 Whilst ev'ry list'ning Guest the Tale believes:  
 Thus groundless Whims, in vicious Fancy bred,  
 By *busy Triflers* thro' the World are spread;  
 And wounded *Worth* laments a bleeding Name, 35  
 Thro' *little Tattlers*, void of Sense or Shame.

But the most vile of all this guilty Tribe  
 Are they whose Crimes their *Truth* and *Conscience* bribe,  
 Whose base *Cabals*, with Thought and cool Design,  
 Against dread *Virtue* impiously combine. 40  
 We this bold *Vice* in Men most frequent find,  
 Since it requires base Stubbornness of Mind,

And

And is a Sin before all-righteous HEAV'N,  
 The next to *that* which ne'er shall be forgiv'n :  
 Against the GOD HIMSELF *that* aim'd the Blow, 45  
 And *this* assaults His *Delegate* below :  
 Only because his \* spotless Life appears,  
 To publick View, a just *Reproach* of theirs ;  
 And openly he dares their Crimes despise,  
 Or in the Ear will, like a Friend, advise : 50  
 'Tis this excites their Envy, and their Hate,  
*Fiends*, which will surely fix their future Fate :  
 Who wounds the *Subject* in the SOV'REIGN's Cause,  
 Defies the SOV'REIGN's *Person* and His *Laws*,  
 And shall, in Spite of each infernal Charm, 55  
 Feel the just Vengeance of His *right'ous Arm*.  
 Though wicked Men the Pow'r of HEAV'N deny,  
 And all the Checks of *Conscience* can defy,  
 Without Restraint let loose their *poisonous* Tongues  
 Play with your Name, or glory in your *Wrongs* ; 60  
 Your Conduct change, your *Virtues* all resign,  
 And plung'd in *Guilt*, their impious Riots join,

\* Virtue, as she is the Author of Reputation and Esteem, is likewise the Parent of Envy: Of this the Gospel gives us a most striking Instance, in the Accusation of our Blessed Redeemer himself: *Pilate* strenuously endeavoured to release Him; and for this particular Reason, because "he knew that the chief Priests had delivered Him for Envy." MARK XV. 10.

'Their ranc'rous Spleen and Malice you'll controul,  
 But *dearly!* with the *Ruin* of your *Soul*.  
 Who thus with *fland'rous* Vice compounds for Fame, 65  
 On the most *fatal Basis* builds his Name;  
 By her own Strength *intrepid Virtue* stands,  
 And scorns the Aid of *sacrilegious* Hands;  
 Unhurt by little Rage, or little Fears,  
*Bright* as the polish'd Adamant appears: 70  
 Who strikes at *this*, *stabs* his own future *Rest*,  
 And to the *Stroke* of *Justice* bares his Breast;  
 Back on himself the impious Dart rebounds,  
 And, barb'd by *frowning Conscience*, doubly wounds.  
 Against this hateful Crime to guard your Soul, 75  
 Let one *unerring Rule* your Tongue controul,  
 Scorn to repeat the *Scandals* which you hear  
 Or to the *wisest* Head, or *safest* Ear:  
*Wisdom* herself may sometimes lose her Pow'r,  
 And thus divulge them, in a *thoughtless* Hour; 80  
 And, once discover'd, all your future Care  
 Can neither stop the *Evil*, nor *repair*.  
*Falsehoods*, at first, from various Causes rise,  
 The Spawn of *envious Guilt*, or weak *Surmise*;  
 But all one common Property enjoy, 85  
 They *plume* upon the Tongue, and *strengthen* as they fly.

Thus



Thus you have seen the smallest Globe of Snow,  
 By Motion to a rising *Mountain* grow ;  
 And spurious Coins, made current by Abuse,  
 Pass unsuspected from their *frequent Use*. 90  
 Tales, which as palpable *Untruths* we hear,  
 At second Hand more *plausible* appear ;  
 A *third Impression* stamps the Fiction true,  
 And thus the *Guilt*, in Part, devolves on you,  
 And you shall share the *Punishment* with those 95  
 From whom, at first, the *foul Contagion* rose :  
 Who broach the *Falsehood*, and who basely tell,  
 Against the Laws of *Justice* both rebel ;  
 And both have Cause to dread that *awful Hour*,  
 When all her *trembling Foes* shall feel her *Pow'r*. 100

Wou'd Men their Actions view with wise Consent,  
 What *Evils* might this *previous Thought* prevent !  
 Though Fools *sedate Reflection* \* may despise,  
 The sacred Field where *Faith* and *Conscience* rise,

\* Tho' Fools sedate Reflection may despise,  
 The sacred Field where Truth and Conscience rise,  
 'Tis the fair Soil where all those Duties grow  
 Which we to GOD, ourselves, and others owe.

And yet,  
 How oft the Noon, how oft the Midnight Bell,  
 (That Iron Tongue of Death ! ) with solemn Knell;  
 On Folly's Errands as we vainly roam,  
 Knocks at our Hearts, and finds our Thoughts from Home !

YOUNG.

H.

'Tis

'Tis the *fair Soil* where all those *Duties* grow 105  
 Which we to GOD, *ourselves*, and *others* owe.  
 In this bright Realm, unclouded *Truth* appears,  
 And *Wisdom's* sweetest *Lessons* strike our Ears;  
 Sage *Prudence* all her *saving Pow'r* displays,  
 And *Merit* reaps her *just Reward* of Praise. 110  
 Here the rich Bloom of rising *Bliss* unfolds,  
 Whilst *Virtue* all her *op'ning Hopes* beholds:  
*Eternal Reason* builds her radiant Throne  
 And *Vice* without one *borrow'd Charm* is shown.  
 We see, in this *fell Monster* of the Mind, 115  
*Disbonour*, *Misery*, and *Meanness* join'd.  
 In Proof of which, cast but your Eyes on *Pride*;  
 Is there in this one *real Good* enjoy'd,  
 Where *mimick Greatness* fills the Throne of Rest,  
*Peace* bleeds, and *Comfort* quits the raging Breast? 120  
 Thus are the Seeds of *Happiness* destroy'd  
 By the *base Tyranny* of restless *Pride*;  
 Rob'd in *ideal Dignity* she stands,  
 And *Homage* from the servile Crowd demands:  
 In her own Thoughts a mighty Goddess made, 125  
 Her whole Devotion to *herself* is paid:  
*Conceit*, and *Vanity* their Off'rings bring,  
 Which give each trivial Slight a double *Sting*:

So far as her Prefumption soars too *high*,  
 She sinks *below* the Bliss she might enjoy : 130  
 So far as she *unjustly* claims Respect,  
 She *justly* meets Derision and Neglect :  
 She always keeps her *fancy'd* Worth in View,  
 And thus is balk'd of what she thinks her *Due*.  
 Imagination cannot form a Thought 135  
 With such *Absurdity* or *Meanness* fraught,  
 As *Pride* in *Man* ; invested with a Mind  
 Which must each Hour his *grow'ling* *Frailty* find :  
 A Being subject to *Disease* and *Death*,  
 Unable to enjoy a Moment's Breath, 140  
 Unless supported by that sov'reign CAUSE,  
 From *whom* he ev'ry *Pow'r*, and ev'ry *Comfort* draws :  
 Think on this MIGHTY BEING, thron'd on high,  
 Who sways the Realms of *vast Immensity* ;  
 In whose *dread* *Presence* wond'ring Angels bend, 145  
 And ardent Hymns of ceaseless Praise ascend :  
 Behold this GOD, with one *all-searching* Ray,  
 The wide extended Universe survey :  
 Let the unbounded Thought *expand* your Soul,  
 Conceive Him viewing the tremendous Whole ! 150  
 Those mighty Regions where His *Pow'r* appears,  
 And rules the Motions of obedient Spheres :

Where mingling Grace and Harmony combine,  
 And glorious *Suns* and *Worlds* unnumber'd shine :  
 Where our unfetter'd Thoughts no Limits find, 155  
 But *Wonder* opens on the op'ning Mind :  
 Where this our boasted Globe appears no more  
 Than one *small Sand* on the extended Shore.  
 Who thus beholds the *Whole* must sure deride,  
 The *abject Littleness* of *human Pride* : 160  
 If the whole World as a small Point is seen,  
 Nothing can be conceiv'd so *weak*, or *mean*,  
 As little *Emmets*, void of Fear or Sense,  
 Braving the *Vengeance* of OMNIPOTENCE.

Wou'd Man, exalted on the Wing of Thought, 165  
 View the *divine Perfections* as he ought,  
 And, hence descending, his own *Meanness* view,  
 A Life of *Reason* wou'd of Course ensue :  
 All *Folly's* bursting Bubbles wou'd subside,  
 And *Wisdom* banish *Ignorance*, and *Pride*. 170  
 Thus Man wou'd see, from this his happiest Hour,  
*His own Dependence*, and his MAKER's Pow'r :  
 And *wisely* hence his whole Endeavours bend  
 To please, and make this MIGHTY GOD his *Friend*.  
 Thus is *Self-Love* the *Ground* of *Duty* made, 175  
 Thus *Reason*, join'd with *Interest*, wou'd persuade :

Thus

Thus wou'd ALMIGHTY GOODNESS *Vice* controul,  
And from the *noblest Motives* fway the Soul.

How justly hence the DEITY may claim  
His *Favour* as our only *Wish* and *Aim*! 180  
And, far as Nature will *permit*, require  
A firm *Obedience*, *perfect* \* and *entire* :  
Nor suffer *darling Vices*, unrepres'd,  
However *small*, to lurk within the Breast!  
Rebellious Man, when *greater* Guilt he views, 185  
His *lesser* Crimes, though *wilful*, wou'd excuse :  
Who, impiously, wou'd thus compound with GOD,  
But court the *double* Vengeance of His *Rod* :  
Who say such vile Indulgence HEAV'N allows,  
Affirm, in Fact, that HEAV'N their Crimes *avows* ; 190  
And hence attempt to blot their MAKER'S NAME  
With base *Connivance* at their *Sin* and *Shame*.  
And thus they boldly join the *guilty* Throng,  
Persist in what they *clearly see* is wrong ;  
Still vainly hoping RIGHTEOUS HEAV'N will smile, 195  
*Only*, because they might have been *more vile*.  
How little do such wretched Reas'ners know  
What to their MAKER, or *themselves* they owe?

\* “ Whosoever shall keep the whole Law, and yet offend in one Point, he is  
“ guilty of all.” JAMES ii. 10.

OUR GREAT CREATOR wisely fix'd us here,  
 As He *directs*, to fill our destin'd Sphere: 200  
 His *Law* our sacred Rule of Life is made,  
 To which a *strict Obedience* must be paid;  
 So far as our *imperfect Nature can*,  
 HEAV'N this *Obedience* will expect from Man.  
 The *Will* of GOD is that *important End* 205;  
 To which our *Thoughts* and *Actions* all must tend;  
 And *Disobedience*, in the least Degree,  
*Persisted in*, must end in *Misery*.  
 We cannot hope \* a *future Life* of *Bliss*,  
 Unless 'tis made the *grand Design* of *this*. 210  
 Who that attentively beholds Mankind  
 Would judge them for this *glorious End* design'd?

\* Whoever seriously considers the Nature of human Obligations, will find them founded on Religion, as a rational and invariable Rule of Action. The grand Design for which Man was created was the Attainment of eternal Happiness, and Obedience to the Commands of GOD, sanctify'd by the Merits of His Son, the Condition of obtaining it. It must hence appear upon the Principles both of Gratitude and Self-Love; that our Duty to Heaven ought to be the great Business of our Lives, and over-rule every other Attachment and Pursuit. Our Behaviour must be steady and consistent; to be this Hour religious, and the next to conform to the vicious Mode of a Company, or join with a Superiour in ridiculing what is serious and important, will not serve the true Purposes of Living;

We cannot hope a future Life of Bliss  
 Unless 'tis made the grand Design of this.

*Virtue,*

*Virtue*, in *Man*, is now an *empty Name*,  
 Whilst *growing Vice* appears his *only Aim*:  
*Reason* to *raging Passion* is resign'd, 215  
 And *Conscience* quits her *Empire* in the *Mind*:  
 In vain she frowns, in vain she lifts her *Dart*,  
*Pleasure* and \* *Gain* ingrofs the guilty *Heart*:  
 That this is true, in the most base *Degree*,  
 We ev'ry *Hour* may *vile Examples* see. 220  
*Religion* now has lost her sacred *Pow'r*,  
 The *Business* only of a vacant *Hour*,  
 A Thing which *Men* of *Spirit* can despise,  
*Below* the *Notice* of the *Great* and *Wife*,  
 Who scorn the *Conduct* of their *Lives* to draw 225  
 From that which keeps the *vulgar Herd* in *Awe*.  
 How far this *vile Impiety* has spread,  
 May now in *glaring Characters* be read;  
 Each little *Wretch* his *MAKER* now defies,  
 And breaks those sacred, and engaging *Ties* 230

\* Men drop so fast, e'er *Life's* mid *Stage* we tread,  
 Few know so many *Friends* alive, as dead.  
 Yet, as immortal, in our up hill *Chace*  
 We press coy *Fortune* with unslacken'd *Pace*;  
 Our ardent *Labours* for the *Toys* we seek,  
 Join *Night* to *Day*, and *Sunday* to the *Week*.

YOUNG.

Which

Which kindly were by gracious HEAV'N design'd,  
 As just Restraints to the *licentious* Mind.  
 This has in various Instances been shown,  
 And is a *Truth* alas! too fully known.  
 Yet 'twere unjust to pass in Silence by 235.  
 One farther Proof of Man's *Impiety*,  
 Which will *Corruption's* fatal *Growth* display;  
 The Violation of that *sacred Day*  
 Which GOD in Honour of *Himself* ordain'd,  
 Though now 'tis universally profan'd. 240.  
 This Day the \* DEITY to Men has giv'n  
 By just Degrees to train their Souls for *Heav'n*,  
 And publickly to join in grateful Praise  
 For all the *Blessings* of their *other Days*.

\* When human Life is consider'd as a State of Probation, or as it were a Seminary for future Happiness and Perfection, how kind an Institution is the Appointment of the Sabbath-Day; as a Day of Rest and Recollection, from the Care and Corruption of secular Affairs! While the divine Spirit and Harmony of publick Worship, gradually form in the Soul those heavenly Dispositions which are the best Qualifications for the Presence of GOD, and the Society of Saints and Angels.

We may likewise hence observe, how very careful we should be in our common Behaviour to one another; all Ill-Nature, Asperity and Frowardness, must be subdued in the Soul, before it is fit to be an Inhabitant of that high and holy Place to which we aspire: Whenever, by our Actions, we injure the Godlike Principles of Benevolence, or in our Conversation, disgrace our Tongues, by Untruth, Obscenity, or Profaneness, or even by an unkind or peevish Answer, we act directly contrary to that heavenly Temper of Mind, which we must acquire in this Life, if we expect to be happy in a future.

This.



This *small Return* He surely may expect; 245  
 And will as surely *punish* its *Neglect*:  
 On this *His Day*, *Necessity* alone  
 For *Absence* from the *Temple* can atone;  
 And yet how much this *crying Evil* grows . .  
 Each *slight Excuse*, and *needless* \* Journey shows. 250

But hold my Muse; thou can'st not fully scan  
 Each *impious Crime* that *brands* rebellious Man:  
 Thou can'st not say how much he *dares* the *Rod*,  
 Or *slights* the *Goodness* of a *gracious God*:  
 Thou can'st not shew Fraud's *Mask*, or *artful Lye*, 255  
 Which *brave* His *omnipresent Ear*, and *Eye*:  
 Nor paint the *Midnight Fears*, and *inward Pain*,  
 Of *trembling Villains* curs'd with *guilty Gain*:  
 Much less when all these *Crimes* at once are view'd,  
 Their *Guilt* and *Aggravations* all pursu'd, 260  
 Can all thy Pow'r their *ingrate Baseness* prove  
 For a Divine REDEEMER'S † dying Love.

View

\* This most indecent Practice of travelling upon a *Sabbath* is now become a common Custom. It must grieve every one who wishes well to Religion, to see People of the highest Rank and Influence, proving to the Vulgar, that they think it a Matter of the most abject Indifference, by profaning those sacred Hours which are set apart for publick Worship: If this is not a publick Contempt of the Almighty, surely nothing can be call'd so.

† When we consider the common Beneficence of Providence, in the daily Blessings we enjoy, and then look back upon the common Crimes in the pre-

View then the Man whom *conscious Virtue* guides,  
*Peace* smoothes his Brow, and in his Breast resides.  
 No *bedding Fears* his *Happiness* controul, 265  
 But constant *Comfort* rises in his Soul.  
 His Pleasures hence their *genuine Sweets* receive,  
*Sweets* which no *nauseous Dregs* behind them leave;  
 But still one pure delightful *Relish* bring,  
 Untainted as the Fountains whence they spring. 270  
 Pleas'd with the Past, the Present he enjoys,  
 Whilst *future Bliss* his *active Hope* employs.  
 He who on *sacred Virtue* founds his Views,  
 The *real Scheme* of *Happiness* pursues:  
 No *Power* in *Earth* or *Hell* can hurt the Man 275  
 Who squares his Life by this *unerring Plan*.  
 Shou'd *Envy* frown, or *Malice* shake her Dart,  
*Resistless Conscience* guards his *fearless Heart*:  
 Still undisturb'd his *Virtue* he enjoys,  
 And *calmly* sees the *Storms* of Fortune rise: 280

ceeding Pages, our rebellious Nature must appear in a very unfavourable Light. But when we reflect on the stupendous Mercy of Redemption; when we behold a Divine Person, for our Sakes, disrobing himself of Majesty and Happiness, submitting to all the Misery and Infirmary of human Nature, and at last expiring in the most ignominious and exquisite Torture, to restore us to a State of Peace and Friendship with GOD; when we thus reflect, this unparallel'd Condescension must stamp the Ingratitude of Sin, with Characters sufficiently detestable to justify the highest Resentment of Almighty Wrath.

His

His Mind can never fear *external Foes*,  
 Which *Virtue* guards with *undisturb'd Repose* :  
 Cheerful each Morn he meets the smiling Light,  
 Enjoys the Day, and sweetly sleeps at Night :  
 No pungent Thorns his peaceful Pillow pain, 285  
 No scaring Dreams his *guiltless Heart* arraign :  
 Nature to him each *pure Enjoyment* brings,  
 From *real Virtue* all their Relish springs :  
 The *virtuous Man* alone has *inward Ease*,  
 Which soon will teach the *smallest Things* to please ; 290  
*Without it*, not the World itself can give  
*One Thing*, which makes it worth a *Wish* to live.

That *Truth* and *Virtue* form our Bliss below,  
 The Annals of all Ages clearly show :  
 See Men of equal Pow'r and Wealth possess'd, 295  
 By sov'reign *Conscience* only, curs'd or blest'd :  
 A *guilty Nero* starts at false Alarms !  
 A *fearless Titus* \* his Assassins arms.

\* Two Patricians having conspired against *Titus* were discovered, convicted, and sentenced to Death by the Senate. But the Godlike Emperor generously forgave them ; invited them the same Night to his Table ; and having the next Day placed them by him at a Shew of Gladiators, when the Weapons of the Combatants were, according to Custom, presented to him, he desired the Assassins to survey them.

*Vice* still is haunted by her *fancy'd Fate*,  
 Whilst *Peace* and *Confidence* on *Virtue* wait : 300  
 These ev'ry Evil, ev'ry Fear defy,  
 And *calm Reflection* doubles ev'ry Joy.

Let Libertines their boist'rous Pleasures boast,  
 They are but *noisy Wretchedness* at most :  
 The *tott'ring Base* of all the Joys they know 305  
 Is *fleeing Tumult*, or *delusive Show*,  
 They rend the Breast, as Whirlwinds rend the Sky,  
 And, like the instant Lightnings, glare and die.  
 That *lasting Bliss* which bears a *calm Review*,  
 None but the *Wise* and *Virtuous* ever knew : 310  
 And from this pleasing Retrospect will rise  
 The op'ning Prospects of *eternal Joys*,  
 In those bright Realms, where *perfect Spirits* live,  
 Possess'd of ev'ry Good OMNIPOTENCE can give.

## The E N D.

### E R R A T A.

**I**N the Motto, for *culpa* read *culpi*. In the Epistle to a Friend, L: 8. from the Top of the last Page, for *Writing*, r: *writing*. Part 1st, p: 10. l: 4. from the Bottom, r: *heed* without a Comma. P: 17, l: 2. from the Bottom, after *Charm* r: a Comma. In the Note at the Foot of p: 18, l: 5. from the Bottom, instead of *even* r: *ever*. In the Note at the Foot of p: 28, l: 6. from the Bottom, instead of *forget*; r: *forget?* The same p: 13 l: from the Bottom, for *begun*, r: *begun?* In the Note at the Foot of p: 34, instead of a *Parody upon*, r: *Imitation of*.





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